

In Dragons We Trust

by ShadowClan7

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Summary: In the episode 'In Dragons We Trust', the dragons of Berk were banished because of "rampages" that they weren't actually carrying out. In the end, while sneaking around Mildew's house, Hiccup had discovered some pretty solid evidence against the older Viking. What if Mildew had caught him there? Rated T for later violence and death.

1. Prologue and Chapter 1

****Hello readers! This is my first HTTYD fanfic. Comment what you like and enjoy!****

****~Shadow****

Prologue

It was night in Berk. One of the darkest nights, for there was no moon in the sky. All was silent except for the hooting of an owl and crunching of leaves under an old man's boot. The old man smiled as he walked through the leafy woods. This was how he liked his nights. Silent and dark.

"Come now, Fungus," the old man muttered slyly to a small sheep that was trotting faithfully beside him. Fungus let out a soft baa and continued to follow the old man. The man continued to walk stealthily through the forest until he reached a collection of docks at the edge of the small island. When he saw a wooden ship sailing up to one, the old man couldn't resist a toothy grin. Soon, the dragons would be gone from Berk.

The ship anchored near the dock, and a large man with a rather bushy beard stepped off board. He smirked proudly at the flag that was waving at the top of his ship; the Outcast Flag. Any other viking on Berk would have fled in fear to tell the chief, Stoik the Vast, about the predicament, but not this old man. This is what he had come

for.

For the first time, the old man stepped out of the bushes he had been hiding behind. The large viking's smirk instantly turned into a scowl. He drew an bludgeon from his belt that looked like it was capable of inflicting nasty blows.

"What do you want," growled the man with the bushy beard, his voice rough and scratchy.

The old man took a deep breath and said, "My name is Mildew, and I've got a proposition for you."

Chapter One

"But Dad, Toothless wouldn't do something like that! It must have been Mildew! Why else would he be all the way on this side of town?"

"I know, Hiccup, but there's nothing I can do. Mildew's got the village calling for the dragons' heads," replied Hiccup's father Stoik the Vast. Hiccup sighed, down-casting his eyes. It was bad enough his father had sent all of the dragons off of Berk, but now he had to go and fix Mildew's roof. Ruffnut, Tuffnut, Snotlout, and Fishlegs all were "busy" (though Fishlegs only because Snotlout had talked him into it), and Astrid was helping Mulch and Bucket fix their food shortage problem. Wonderful.

Hiccup slouched as he walked out of the Hall. He called for Toothless, and the Night Fury instantly appeared at his side. Toothless seemed to give him a look that said 'You'll survive' as Hiccup hoisted himself onto his back. Hiccup couldn't help but show off as he felt the amazing sensation of flying once again. Every while, he and Toothless would do a loop, a drop, or some other kind of trick that would have everyone gaping in awe... if they were here. But they weren't here. They were happily doing their everyday business while he, Hiccup, went to repair Mildew's roof. Hiccup knew that he should stop feeling sorry for himself, but then he was reminded where they were going. They landed smoothly, and Hiccup slipped himself off of Toothless's back.

"See ya later, Bud," he murmured to his friend. And off Toothless went. Hiccup tried his best to look brightened and knocked on the front door. Mildew answered with a scowl. He nodded to a pile of wood and nails, handed Hiccup a hammer, and muttered, "Get to work."

Hiccup didn't hesitate to obey. As he was hammering, he looked down through the gigantic hole in the roof. _Mildew wasn't in his house! _After struggling with himself for a few seconds, his curiosity got the better of him. He slipped a rope through the hole, and carefully lowered himself down into the older viking's house.

It didn't take long for him to notice something sticking out from underneath a curtain. He quickly pulled the curtain back, finding instruments he had never seen before on the other side. _'Finally, I have proof' _he thought joyfully as he examined them closer. There were two boots shaped exactly like Zippleback footprints, and a rod with claws at the end that could have easily been seen as the claws marks of a Monstrous Nightmare. Where Mildew had gotten something so

evenly spaced, Hiccup had no idea.

"Looking for something?" came a slow, drawling voice from behind him. Hiccup froze, then slowly turned his head to see Mildew looking viciously into his eyes. Hiccup couldn't say anything, so he just glared at the old viking.

"I knew it," he growled softly. "It's all your fault." To his surprise, Mildew just grinned.

"Come on boy," he said gleefully. "We're taking you to see your father." Hiccup cursed inside his head as Mildew grabbed hold of his arm, plucked the instruments from his hands, and led him out to the gaping cliff that was next to his house. He threw the boots and the claw rod into the ocean, and started leading Hiccup away from his house. It took Hiccup a while to realize that they were going in the completely opposite direction of his father's house. In fact, they were going into the woods!

"Where are we going?" asked Hiccup, startled, but Mildew didn't reply and kept leading him farther and farther into the endless sea of green leaves. Hiccup struggled and wrenched himself from the grasp of the old man.

"Where are we going?" he demanded again, "We're going the opposite direction from town." Mildew scowled.

"Your father had some business to do down at the docks. We're going there." Why would Stoik tell Mildew that? Hiccup was unsure whether to trust Mildew or not. He Eventually decided to go with Mildew. After all, he could have gone to town while Hiccup was fixing the roof, and if his father really was down there, he'd get in more trouble than he was already in. That is, if he ran away. In no time, they were at the docks.

Hiccup took in the sight in front of him. There was a ship there; an Outcast ship. Hiccup's eyes widened and he began turning to run. A few seconds later, he found himself looking into the face of Berk's oldest and most feared enemy, Alvin the Treacherous.

Alvin gave a big smirk and said in a loud, strong voice, "Hello, Dragon Conqueror!"

2. Chapter 2

****Alright, let's give chapter 2 a try! For those of you who don't know, I changed Chapter 1 up a bit. See if you like it better!****

****Theresaw2010: Honestly, I don't think Alvin cares about what Hiccup looks like as long as he gets what he wants out of him, but your idea is a great idea and I'll put it into the next chapter! :) The only reason he didn't act like you said is because Mildew had already told him who the Dragon Conqueror was.****

****LookingUp: Here's your update! Thanks for reviewing! (and cliffhangers are my specialty! ;))****

****Gir240: Good idea. I tweaked Chapter 1 up a little bit. Read and**

tell me what you think!**

imaginationflies: How will it turn out? You're about to find out!

Thanks to all my viewers! Feel free to tell me if there's something that you'd like to be changed. I'm open to all ideas! Now, without further ado, Chapter 2! (Hey, that rhymes! XD)

~Shadow

Chapter Two

"Expected him to be a bit bigger than this," Alvin said with a malicious grin. "Doesn't matter, though." Hiccup had no idea what he should do. If he ran, he would probably get caught. His prosthetic leg would trip him. He could yell for help, but it was highly unlikely anyone would hear him, this far away from the village. The only other option was to try and fight (yea right) all the Outcasts, or obey them. He didn't like the sound of any of those options, so he just picked the first thing that had come to his mind: running.

Without another word, Hiccup turned and bolted for the thick leaves. He got a head start, since it took the Outcasts a moment to establish what had just happened. He could hear Mildew and Alvin's yells of "After him!" in the distance. If he got to the village, Mildew would be punished too.

Lost in the chase, Hiccup didn't notice the high-growing roots at his feet. His prosthetic foot caught on one and he fell to the ground.

"You've got to be kidding me," he mumbled. He quickly pushed himself up, but before he had time to run, a hard fist slammed into the side of his head, knocking him back down. Hiccup called for help as loud as he could, but cut off short when he found himself up against a tree with a hard pressure on his neck. Hiccup started to panic; he couldn't breathe!

"You'll feel the consequences for that later," muttered Alvin darkly. The pressure on Hiccup's neck suddenly disappeared.

Now if you want to stay in one piece, come with me." Hiccup, exhausted from his run and the blows, had no choice but to obey. An Outcast grabbed his shoulder and kept a firm hold on him, all the same. There was a flash of yellow in the woods and Hiccup turned his head to see what it was. He was able to regain his composure before the Outcast steering him saw his reaction, however.

Hiccup's heart leapt when he saw Fishlegs's head pop up from among the bushes. Their eyes locked, and Fishlegs mouthed something. He ran off stealthily, but not before Hiccup had caught one word: father. Fishlegs was going to get his father! There was still hope! After a few minutes of walking, (Hiccup couldn't believe he had run that far!) they were back at the boats. _Come on, Fishlegs!_

"Stop," Alvin suddenly commanded. All the Outcasts (and Hiccup) stopped instantly. "Did you hear that?" Everyone fell quiet and

started to listen, and soon Hiccup heard it. Heavy footsteps could be heard, shaking the ground. Whatever it was, (and Hiccup had an idea) it was big and it was coming fast.

"Lets go," Alvin yelled at his men, and before he knew it, Hiccup was being rushed up onto the Outcasts' ship. He began to struggle, but in the condition he was in, it did no good. He was on Outcast property, now.

"Put it in him," the lead Outcast commanded. Hiccup was roughly pushed onto the floor, finding two Outcasts holding him down. Another plunged a needle into his arm, and most of the world was lost in pain and screaming. (Hiccup later suspected that it was his.) The last thing he saw before he lost consciousness was the huge, dark body of Toothless bounding out of the forest.

~Page Break~

Stoik burst through the trees only to find Toothless on the beach, roaring his head off. He stared in shock. '_I'm too late,' _was all he could think. '_I'm too late.'_ Toothless kept jumping into the water, but whenever he had to swim, his fake tail dragged him down. The dragon growled in frustration that he had no way to get to his rider.

The blonde boy that had alerted Stoik of Hiccup's predicament earlier came out of the thick green brush, panting. With one look at his chief's face, the boy knew what had happened. _Too late._

Out of nowhere, the great Stoik the Vast broke down and started sobbing. Fishlegs just stared at him in terror. What would happen to Berk if the chief of the island couldn't keep his composure? He decided not to tell anyone. As long as they didn't ask him if Stoik had started sobbing in the middle of nowhere, it wouldn't be lying, right?

Fishlegs turned toward the forest and began to walk slowly, dreading that he would be the one to tell Berk what had happened.

~Page Break~

Hiccup woke to find himself in a small, dark room. It took him a while to remember what had happened, then to realize his wrists were shackled to the wall. He squeezed his eyes shut, telling himself not to cry; he would not cry. The tears came out anyway.

After a while, he started hallucinating. He saw his Mom, his Dad, Toothless, Astrid, Fishlegs, Snotlout, Ruffnut, Tuffnut, Mildew... Mildew! That name smacked him back into reality. He could feel the anger building up inside of him. He hoped that they would find out, hoped that old man would get what he deserved. After observing the cell he was in a little closer, he could clearly smell the scent of fresh blood, not in it, but around it.

"Oh, Odin," he murmured to himself, "What have I gotten myself into?"

****Hello again! Just wanted to say really quickly that I'll try to update once a day, but I probably won't be able to EVERY day. So, yea.****

****Nekofreeak349: Here's the next chapter! Hope you like it as much as the first one!****

****Tasermon's Partner: Thanks! I didn't know if they had needles either, but I couldn't think of any other way to get anything inside of him. Hiccup's not so stupid he'll eat something from them, but I'll keep thinking! :)****

****Thanks to all my readers, followers, reviewers, and favorites! And now, Chapter 3!****

****~Shadow****

Chapter Three

"Whoa, Fishlegs, calm down," said Astrid. The blonde boy had ran into the Dragon Academy, where Hiccup was supposed to be meeting them, babbling his head off about Hiccup and boats.

"When are we gonna start," whined one of the twins. (Sometimes Astrid found it difficult to tell which one.) Judging by the voice, it was Ruffnut. Whichever one it was, she gave them a nasty glare. Fishlegs was obviously freaking out about something.

"What happened, Fishlegs," Astrid said, giving him her full attention.

Fishlegs took a deep breath and began, "So I was walking through the forest documenting plants, usual guy stuff, when I heard running feet. Really big running feet. I figured it was just Gobber and he had upset the Scauldron again, but then I heard someone yell, so of course I went to see what was going on." Fishlegs was talking so fast that Astrid could just barely understand him.

"So I tiptoed through the forest, and the first thing I saw was Alvin, so I almost panicked, but then I saw that Hiccup was with him."

"Whoa whoa whoa, wait. Hiccup's working for Alvin?" interrupted Tuffnut, "Why would he do that?"

"He wasn't working for them," Fishlegs snapped. "He was just too tired to go anywhere. He looked pretty beaten up. They were taking him somewhere. He saw me, and I told him I was going to get his father, so I did."

Snotlout spoke for the first time since Fishlegs had come in, "Then why isn't he here?"

Fishlegs hesitated before saying, "We were too late. They took a boat and left." The training arena had an unearthly silence to it now, as the news started to sink in. Alvin had Hiccup. Astrid started shaking; No one knew if Hiccup would be able to survive this. Alvin could be really rough, Astrid knew from personal experience.

Her hand instinctively moved toward her lower leg, where she still

had a scar as a reminder. Alvin had given that to her when she was eight. The first night in five years that the Outcasts had come to Berk.

"Let's go," she commanded, regaining her courage. Everyone, even Fishlegs, stared at her incredulously.

"You're not seriously thinking..."

"Let's go chase us some Outcasts."

~Page Break~

Hiccup sat in his cell, trying to figure out a way to escape. His ideas were crazier and crazier each time! _'Maybe I could try to jump them when they open the door, or I could use my prosthetic to dig a hole in the wall, or I could imitate an Outcast and sneak my way out!'_

Hiccup's heart sunk as he realized he couldn't do any of those things. He was still too tired. He would have thought that he would have at least regained _some _energy by now.

He jumped when he heard a door creak open in the distance. Loud footsteps echoed across a hall, then the door to his room opened to reveal Alvin the Treacherous, looking quite Treacherous, standing in the doorway.

"Let's sit down and have a little talk, shall we?"

~Page Break~

"Stoik stop! Ye don't know what yer doin!" Gobber yelled after his chief. "We don't even have weapons!"

"Alvin took my son, Gobber," Stoik said, obviously trying to control his anger, and failing miserably. "I'm goin after him now." Gobber sighed in defeat.

"What do we do first?" Stoik looked pleased that his best friend was going with him.

"We've got to ask that blonde boy from before a couple of questions," he said. "We don't know exactly what he saw." They both walked to the Dragon Academy, only to find it empty. The dragons were gone too.

"Well, seems to me like the teens had the same idea as you, Stoik," mumbled Gobber. "Now we got even more children to look for."

**Sorry for the short chapter. Who's POV do you want to see next? (Just for recap, we've had Hiccup's, Stoik's, Fishlegs's, Astrid's, and Gobber's.) Tell me in the reviews, and I'll try to put them in the next chapter! (But I'm not adding any more characters, sorry.)*

~Shadow

****I'M SO SORRY I HAVEN'T UPDATED!** The 6th was my 9 year old sister's birthday, so I couldn't update then, but I was hitting my head up against a wall (that's just an expression) about not updating yesterday! My family and I went to see Rise of the Guardians and when we got home I instantly looked up every single fanfiction about that. I am, again, very very sorry about that and I will try to make it up to you by putting four POV's in this chapter. Now for the thanks to reviewers...**

****imaginationflies:** Yay! I caught somebody by surprise! I'm sorry for mission TWO straight days and here's Snotlout's POV. Thanks for reviewing!**

****minichurros123:** You got it!**

****Guest:** You got it too!**

****mystery girl234:** Sure!**

****Tasermon's Partner:** Yea, Astrid's history with Alvin was like I light bulb with me. I wasn't planning on doing it but then I was like, What if? And along with the whole needle anesthetic thing, you're right. Even if they don't have anesthetic they still have poison that could probably be exhumed. Thank you so much!**

****Messier42:** Thanks!**

****Thanks to all favorites, followers, and reviewers. And now for the next installment!****

****~Shadow****

Chapter Four

Snotlout glanced over at Astrid, who was doing spirals on Stormfly (probably just to show off). No matter how hard he tried, she still liked Hiccup better than him. Correction: She didn't really like him at all. List in thought, he was unprepared for the sharp swerve Hookfang did around some jagged rocks.

"Aaaaugh! Hookfang," he yelled at his dragon, angrily. His dragon let out a laugh-like snort, obviously very happy at making his rider frustrated. Snotlout was still in a bad mood; No matter how much he hated to admit it, he didn't want to risk his neck to save Hiccup. Even if he was the chief's son.

"When are we gonna be there," whined Tuff. He certainly had no pleasure in the distance they had to travel either. The twins were so bored, they weren't even arguing. Snotlout was starting to worry about them. Fishlegs just sat there, reading his stupid plant book or something. Who knew what else that guy did in his spare time.

Snotlout was coming up with a list of things that Fishlegs might do if no one was watching when he felt something with an extremely hot temperature whiz passed his left arm.

He jumped back (well, Hookfang did) at the sudden ball of fire. He

looked down to see a big boat with an Outcast flag waving on a pole. Wow, that was pretty fast.

"Come on guys, let's go down," Astrid called to the rest of the teens.

"Finally," yelled Ruff, gleefully. As the group swooped down, more flaming balls of... yarn?... met them. Why yarn? Snotlout shrugged his shoulders at himself. They were big and caught fire easily. What's not to like?

Snotlout, who was not paying attention, heard the word, "Fire!" and, snapping back into reality, pulled back on his dragon's head, releasing the hot element Astrid had screamed out. She then yelled at the top of her lungs, "SNOTLOUT YOU IDIOT! I SAID DON'T FIRE! HICCUP'S STILL ON BOARD!"

"Well, I sorry! All I heard was fire! Astrid just rolled her eyes angrily and said, "Come on, we need to get down there!"

Before anyone had a chance to answer, she swooped down toward the burning ship. Growling, Snotlout followed her, along with the other hesitant teens. They landed on board, looking for any sign of life.

"Split up," yelled Astrid over the roar of the flames. Snotlout scoured the deck for any sign of Hiccup, until he actually smacked himself on the head. If Hiccup was anywhere, he would be below deck! Snotlout ran down the wooden steps as fast as he could; They were running out of time.

"Hiccup," he called, ashes stinging his eyes. Then, without warning, the boat collapsed in on him.

-Page Break-

Fishlegs ran to his dragon as fast as he could. He hopped up onto Meatlug, knowing that if he stayed he'd probably crumble down into the ocean with the ship; It was falling to pieces. He scanned the Outcast boat for the other teens. This obviously hadn't been the ship they had been looking for, because Alvin hadn't been on it.

Soon enough, Fishlegs was joined by Ruffnut and Tuffnut, who had immediately left when they established the ship was going to collapse. Meanwhile, Astrid had gone below to look for Snotlout. There was a crumbling sound the Fishlegs looked down in horror.

The boat was going down.

He screamed out Snot's and Astrid's names without any luck. They went down with the ship. All three of the remaining teens began to scour the ocean for their missing friends, and soon found Astrid. She had a few cuts, but other than that, she was all right. How she had been able to survive that, Fishlegs didn't know, and she probably didn't want to talk about it.

"Snotlout," she gasped once she was back up on Stormfly. They began their search again, too busy to notice a small boat carrying two Outcasts, sailing away.

-Page Break-

Alvin watched as two of his men sailed a small safety boat toward his. One of his lookouts had spotted it earlier, and now he was awaiting their news.

"So?" he grunted as the two Outcasts scrambled onto the deck.

"Sir," one said, "Five kids found the decoy ship and used their dragons to burn it down. We're hoping they'll give up and go home. They might think the boy is dead." Alvin scowled.

"Stoik is smarter than that. If they go back, he'll come out to look for us." The two vikings looked like they were worried that Alvin was going to kill them for bringing such bad news. They weren't supposed to find the decoy so fast.

"We'd better get moving, then," he muttered. He went to fetch Stoik's boy when he saw his home on the horizon.

-Page Break-

Hiccup was completely unprepared when the door to his prison was slammed open and Alvin walked inside. Without a word, the large Outcast grabbed him by his hair and roughly steered him to the deck, ignoring Hiccup's struggles and protests. Only when Hiccup saw Outcast Island, did Alvin begin to speak.

"Now, get ready boy, because when we get there, you're going to be teachin' us how to train our dragons." Hiccup said nothing, knowing that he should save his fight for later. He was going to make sure Alvin failed, or he would die trying.

5. Chapter 5

****Why, hello again! Not much to say this time. I know the update is a little late, but technically it is within the day, so, yea. Reviewers...****

****Gir240: You'll have to wait and find out! (I know, I'm evil.) And yea, sorry for the short chapter. I write all these out on paper before I type them, and it takes and seems a lot longer when it's not on the computer.****

****Fareway19: Here it is! XD****

****imaginationflies: Yay, thank you so much! My friend went to see the Hobbit, and he said it was amazing! Maybe I'll go see it too...****

****Thanks to all my favorites, followers, and reviewers. And now, Chapter 5!****

****Shadow****

Chapter Five

Stoik couldn't believe his luck, and that wasn't in a good way. Now that the teens had gone, he had to find them as well as Hiccup!

Who in their right mind would fin off without telling their chief? Now that he thought about it, Stoik would have probably done the same thing if he was young and Gobber got taken.

He, Gobber, and about twenty more men were sailing now, in fact, in what seemed like the slowest boats imaginable. Stoik was still paranoid that Alvin would launch an attack on Berk while he was gone, so he had left a decent number of warriors behind. Gobber kept himself busy humming a popular viking tune, and other vikings started to sing along. They had been traveling for a day now, (including night time) to find Hiccup, and hopefully those foolish friends of his as well. Gobber made a strange expression.

"What in the name of Thor is that?" he muttered, running to the other side of the boat to get a closer look. Stoik joined him to see a mast sticking out of the water, and an Outcast flag floating on the surface. _Where was Hiccup?_

He was about to call out the name of his only son when he head a completely different voice in the distance yell a completely different name.

"Snotlout!"

Something told the chief he wasn't going to like this. It took the teens about ten seconds to see their boat, and the boy named Fishlegs instantly began to chew on his lower lip. Stoik counted. One, two, three, four... just four. Wasn't there supposed to be five?

"Where is he," he growled, angry that they had lost _another _viking. "And Hiccup?"

"Hiccup wasn't on the ship," Astrid said with a nervous voice, "and Snotlout went down with it." She began to rub her arms, an obvious sign of nervousness.

"Alright then, let's go find them."

-Page Break-

"This is just great," Snotlout mumbled, kicking a small rock across the sand. He had tried to bthe hero. He had tried to be the one to find the chief's son, and look where that had gotten him! He was stuck on Dragon Island, where, ironically, there was no dragons. Astrid probably didn't even care.''

A flash of blue caught his eye, and he looked down at the sand to see a thin, dim trail of blue sand leading into the forests beyond. Why in the world would there be blue sand? After brief hesitation, Snotlout put forward his foot, and followed it.

He walked on through the jungle, stumbling and tripping over tree roots as he went, to find himself at a cave, with the sand leading straight into it. There was no way Snotlout was going in there. There was ABSOLUTLEY no way he was going to step into more problems.

Snotlout followed the sand into the cave.

He crept on silently, feeling the narrow walls for direction. All of

a sudden, the walls vanished. Even after feeling around for a while, Snotlout couldn't find any walls again, therefore started to panic. _This place was HUGE!_

Out of nowhere, a cold, dark laugh sounded from what seemed like every direction. No matter how many directions he spun to face, Snotlout couldn't locate the source of it.

"Who's there?" he called.

"You're worst nightmare," said a voice. Only this time, it spoke to Snotlout inside of his mind.

-Page Break-

Hiccup was in yet another cell, except this time on Outcast Island. Alvin had put restraints on him, (of course,) and had set down a bowl of soup just out of his reach, taunting him. Hiccup's stomach grumbled, not remembering the last time he had eaten. He was also weak from exhaustion, not a good feeling to have if you wanted to try to escape from somewhere.

Hiccup heard a door slam and the sound of heavy footsteps across the cold, stone floor. After the click of a lock, he was roughly hauled up onto his feet. He almost fell down again, not yet used to standing. He had been sitting for ages.

"Time to start," said Alvin, with uncharacteristic cheerfulness. Hiccup dreaded what had made Alvin in this mood, but something told him he was going to find out.

Sorry for the short chapter, but I am about to fall asleep where I'm typing right now. POV suggestions are always welcome!

~Shadow

6. Chapter 6

Alright, I'm sorry that this is coming late, but I needed sleep last night. By the time I had done my homework, dishes, etc, I was going to fall asleep. I actually got on the computer, typed the first two sentences, and discovered I had a bad case of Writer's Block. Not enough time to cure it. (Typing completely random words as fast as you can.) So, again sorry and I hope you like this chapter. Oh yea, reviewers...

imaginationflies: Lol, now I am. You'll find out about the needle (which I'm thinking about changing into that poison stuff that you can inhale) in either this chapter or the next. Not sure which one yet.

Thanks to all my favorites, followers, and reviewers. Now let's hope I redeem myself with chapter 6!

~Shadow

Chapter Six

Tuffnut had been surprised that Stoik hadn't exploded at them. I mean, after all, they did go after Hiccup without his permission. Not Astrid's best idea. They were downright lucky, and now they were downright lost. The four remaining teens, Stoik, and Gobber had been sailing around for forever, and they couldn't find anything. Just miles and miles of open sea. On the bright side, nobody was shooting flaming balls of string at them anymore. At least, Tuff didn't think they were. He turned around as if he expected for something to come out of nowhere.

_'Good' _he thought, as there was nothing there. He smirked and turned around to face the front of the boat again.

"What are you smiling at?" growled Gobber. He had been in a bad mood ever since they had lost Hiccup's trail _again_. (Stoik just remained expressionless.)

"There's nothing behind us," Tuffnut responded cheerfully. This earned him odd looks from the whole crew, except for Ruffnut, who looked behind them and said, "Cool!" Basically everyone rolled their eyes, and the boat kept sailing forward. Of course, they had a decent amount of boats behind them, too. (The chief had brought reinforcements.) All was dead silent.

A groan from behind them broke the stillness. Tuffnut turned his head to see Bucket clutching his, well, bucket.

"Oh no," sighed Mulch. "Not another storm!" If a storm was going to come in, now was definitely not the best time.

"I don't want there to be a storm!" Bucket cried. As if by command, the first crack of lightning sounded.

-Page Break-

Hiccup was frozen to the spot as he found himself face to face with a large Monstrous Nightmare. The large arena he was in very much resembled the one back on Berk, except it was about twice the size.

Hiccup gulped. If the Outcasts had beaten the Nightmare, it probably wouldn't be the happiest creature in the world. Then again, it was chained up, so Hiccup should be alright. _Should._

"Well, what are you waiting for? Get moving," called Alvin from up above him, in what you could call the stands. Hiccup just stood still, hoping that the dragon wouldn't attack him out of instinct. He was stalling, though he didn't see how that would do any good. Alvin getting impatient, (no surprise there,) stomped down to the large fighting arena.

"Listen here, boy," he snapped threateningly when he was right by Hiccup. "You'd better get moving with showin' us how to train dragons, or you'll feel the consequences tonight. And you can be sure, you're village will all feel it when we take it over. It'll feel all the more painful.

"You'll never take over Berk," Hiccup growled, a sudden anger rising to his throat. "My father will beat you a thousand times over." He felt Alvin's rough fist collide with his face. The Outcast dragged

him to what looked like a prison cell, slammed the door shut, and locked it. The metal must be very strong, or Alvin wouldn't take the risk of leaving him unbound, or in the same place as the dragons. That sure sunk him moral.

"I'll be back in a couple of hours," he grumbled. "And just remember, boy, you brought this on yourself."

-Page Break-

Toothless growled in frustration. Not only had Hiccup's young friends not thought to take him with them, but Stoik had refused to take the Night Fury as well. Stupid humans. They probably thought they could get away with Hiccup on a ship. That would be far too slow. Toothless glared at his prosthetic tail in anger. _Why hadn't he kept the one Hiccup had given him for Snoggletog? _It would be a whole lot more useful now. _Wait a minute!_

Toothless had just remembered that Hiccup had made a copy, just in case. A copy of his tail, should the other one break. The dragon made a dash for the Blacksmith's, seeking out the one thing that could get him to Hiccup. It took a few minutes, but he finally found it in one of the many drawers holding sketches and models.

He dragged it out, and found himself with another problem. _How was he going to get it on?_

**Sorry for the short chapter. It seemed a lot longer on paper. Well, tell me how you like it and feel free to request
POV's!**

~Shadow

7. Chapter 7

Okay, I know. I'm terrible. Please don't kill me. I'm going to try to start updating again, though maybe not as fast as you'd like. I'm sorry for taking so long, but I feel that my creative side has come back, now. Soâ€¦| manyâ€¦| reviewsâ€¦| O_o

Sunny Lighter: I couldn't agree more.

Matt: Chap. 6- Yup! Chap. 7- Exactly. Chap. 5- Really good idea! I just might use that.

KaliAnn: Thank you!

TheShadowTracker: Well, here it is!

Egyptprncssxox: Thanks for understanding.

imaginationflies: Thanks!

star7k: Thank you!

Risu-chan: Don't worry! It's back!

cute polar bear: Ok. Here ya go.

****Doomsday Beam: Thank you, and don't worry. I wasn't planning on deleting it. This is my most popular story!****

****Thank you SO MUCH to all my favorites, followers, and reviewers. And now! The one you've all been waiting for! Chapter 7!****

****~Shadow****

Chapter Seven

Snotlout was officially freaking out. This was NOT normal. And this was coming from a viking that lived with dragons. _Boom! Boom! _Heavy footsteps were making their way towards the frightened boy. Snotlout backed up, praying to Thor that this was just some nightmare and he would wake up any moment. Maybe he would teach Hookfang some new tricks. Or hit on Astrid some more. Who was he kidding? Snotlout ran for it. After bumping into no less than ten stone cold walls, he found himself outside of the cave. Snotlout raced back across the blue sand and the golden sand for that matter, only to stop when he felt cold water lapping at his ankles. He heard a faint sound behind him. _That thing had followed him! _Snotlout closed his eyes, took a deep breath, and slowly turned around.

-Page Break-

****Boom! ****And there was the thunder. You couldn't have lightning without thunder now could you? Of course not. Astrid gripped her battle axe as another bolt struck across the sky. She could already feel the boat rocking, dangerously, and they weren't even in the storm yet. This just wasn't her week.

"Hang on tight!" she heard Stoik call. "And may Thor have mercy on you." Astrid looked around. Bucket was moaning and Mulch was trying to help him, Fishlegs was panicking, Gobber was bustling about, looking grim, and Ruff and Tuff were grinning for who knows why. So, pretty much the same as any day. She ran to the side of the boat and held on tight, just they entered the swirling mass of dust and cloud.

-Page Break-

Toothless ran around the village, a prosthetic tail in his mouth, practically begging people to help them. But, as usual, no one could understand him. Just the usual greetings of "Hello Toothless!" and "Get out of the way, Pesky Dragon!" After a few hours, a lot of begging, and, eventually, a whole lot of wrestling, the dragon was somehow able to slip the contraption on. In one great leap, Toothless was soaring.

-Page Break-

Hiccup was digging. The one thing Alvin had overlooked was the soft, dirt floors. The Outcast might be tough, but he wasn't very smart. Not caring if his fingernails got dirty or not, he got to work. If he had a few hours, Hiccup was going to use every second of them. He dug. And dug and dug and dug. Fifteen minutes, thirty minutes, Hiccup lost track of how long he had been digging. He was under the wall. He was passed the wall! Hiccup started to dig upwards. He kept digging and digging as more precious time floated away. Up and up and up and

up andâ€¦ was that sunlight? It was! Hiccup broke the surface of the Earth, just in time to hear his cell doors clanking loudly open. He heard angry shouts, and not knowing what else to do, he ran as fast as he could in the opposite direction.

-Page Break-

Fishlegs was hanging on for dear life. He heard shouts as the small boat they were in was tossed and jostled by the ferocious waves. In a moment of pure terror, he felt himself being yanked from the boat. Yells from the others told him that it wasn't just him. Fishlegs held his breath as he hit the icy water. Gasping for air, he shoved his feet down, and surprisingly felt ground beneath them. He stood, panting, and saw Astrid and Gobber swimming next to him. That was the good news. The bad news: it was still storming, and there was no sign of the boat or the others.

I know, pretty short, but I'm hoping to make them longer in the future. Thanks for hanging in there!

~Shadow

8. AN: THIS IS NOT A DELETION NOTE!

Hi, guys! Don't worry, I didn't die! (I used that last chapter, didn't I?) Now, I know you guys think I'm really lazy and don't bother to write my fanfictions, but that's not true. (Well, the lazy part is, but not the writing part.) I actually AM writing In Dragons We Trust. Okay, so here's my overly long explanation.

I took vacations to Florida, Maine, and West Virginia.

I lost my internet! (If you've followed one of my other stories, you know that's been a problem before.)

Once I got my internet back, I got grounded, and my computer got taken away.

So, once I finished being grounded and got back on my internet, I decided that since I already had so many chapters written down, that I would finish the story before posting new chapters. (But at least then I can post new chapters every day.) My guess is that you have one of these reactions...

That's okay, Shadow. Even though I'm not going to like waiting (because of the extremely gifted writer you are) I'll support your decision.

Or

SHADOW HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME!? I WANT UPDATES NOW! I'M GOING TO HUNT YOU DOWN AND MAKE YOU TELL ME WHAT HAPPENS!

Or

ShadowClan7, your story sucks. I really could care less. I only followed/favorited this story because I wanted to make fun of it.

****Or****

****Meh. Yawns and goes back to sleep****

****But no matter what your reaction is, my decision is final. That way, I can be lazy for a whole week and write seven chapters on a Saturday, and you wouldn't be the wiser!****

****You know what? If enough of you pay me money, I think we'd be able to work out a way for me to post... NO DON'T DO THAT! Don't send me money (even though I know you weren't going to anyway.) So, yea. That's my new plan. I still love you all, no matter how rude the comments going through your head are. Unless you sneeze on my cat. Then, we're going to have some problems. And, that's that! See you guys when I finish the story! Now, I'm going to use some closings that my friend, Emily, made up.****

****Don't give up on me now or space cows will come and invade the Earth, and we'll have to hope that the unicorns can come and save us! And if you see any leprechauns, DON'T EAT THEIR CUPCAKE CARS!****

****Stay in school, friends!****

****The awesomest part human, part carrot in the world,****

****Shadow****

****P.S. Why are you still reading this?****

****P.P.S. O_O Seriously! The note is over! Now, go review or something!****

9. Chapter 8

****AND I'M BACK, YOU GUYS! I know, I know, hold the applause. Try not to cry. I know you're all excited. So, how are you doing? It's been a while. I haven't exactly finished the story yet, but I'm working on it. If you don't know already, I'm a very slow writer. Also, I've been fresh out of ideas recently, which I'm hoping the new movie will cure. Speaking of that, HOW TO TRAIN YOUR DRAGON 2! Is anyone as excited as I am? My friend and I are going to see it opening day.****

****Sorry. Back on track. I honestly don't know how frequently I'm going to be updating, but I'm shooting for once a week. I've learned from my mistakes in the past. I want to have time to write out future chapters before I post the ones I already have. I'm really sorry for waiting this long. For one, I've never seen so much schoolwork in my life. Secondly, my schedule has been changed around so that I have almost no spare time on Saturdays. Enough of my excuses. I'd like to thanks the following reviewers:****

****star7k: That was the most beautiful thing I've ever read.****

****RazzlePazzleDooDot: Personally, I suggest running for your life.**

The leprechauns show NO MERCY! Good luck with survival, and I'm very sorry if you meet your early demise.**

Matt: New chapter coming right up! Sorry that it took so long, but I like to think of my fanfiction writing as something I do for pleasure, not for the sake of others.

OrigamiStar: Thank you very much! Your support is appreciated.

Uzumaki Fenix: Thanks! I try to go over everything before posting it but even I make mistakes. I know, it's hard to believe.

Ralyssenell18: Thanks!

Average Human: Ah. I should probably go apologize to Pickles because I own a cat.

TheDoubleThreat: P. ! My mind is blown.

NarnianGaurdian: Here ya go!

httydfangirlforever: Ooof course.

I'm sorry if I missed anyone. I hope you forgive me! Also, I know this is a short chapter, but the chapters get longer after this one. I promise. Though I'm a bit scared to make that promise, because longer can be a matter of opinion. Please don't kill me in my sleep.

AND NOW! THE MOMENT YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR: CHAPTER EIGHT!

Chapter Eight

"Hookfang?" Snotlout shouted, staring at the dragon in front of him. "What are you doing here? You scared the life out of me!" The dragon just snorted at the startled rider.

"Then, what was that voice?" Snotlout wondered aloud. He'd never heard anything like it. Heck, that was probably the most terrifying thing he'd experienced in his life! He was snapped out of his thoughts by his dragon. He nuzzled Snotlout, making an unidentifiable noise in the process. Snotlout took this as a sign of affection.

"I missed you too." Snotlout climbed onto the dragon's back.

"Now, let's go find the others."

Dragon and rider took off into the sky, which was getting darker by the second. There was a storm looming in the distance.

His viking instinct taking over, Snotlout headed right for the storm, certain that he would find someone in there. Vikings tended to get caught in the middle of things. He was half right. As he zoomed down towards the water, it wasn't someone, but something that he saw.

He whistled as loud as he could, diverting the attention of the two beings in the water towards him. Snotlout smiled as Stormfly and

Meatlug flew toward him. There was only one thing missing. Make that two things. Where were their riders?

~Page Break~

"Great. Just great," Gobber exclaimed, snorting water out of his nose. After the storm and the shipwreck, he, Astrid, and Fishlegs had washed up on some island. They'd definitely lost the ships. Gobber hadn't seen a thing except water, rocks and sand for what seemed like miles and miles of ocean. Fishlegs was very glum; kept muttering something about lost notebooks and plants. Astrid, on the other hand, looked as happy as a dragon sitting alone with a bucket full of fish.

"What are you smiling at?" he asked her. She didn't say a word, just pointed to something behind them. Gobber turned around.

He stared. _How in the name of Odin could he have missed that_? Sitting in front of them was a forest of rocks, extending to Thor knows where. It was pretty obvious, wasn't it?

They were on Outcast Island.

~Page Break~

"Gobber! Gobber!"

"Why is he calling the ocean Gobber?"

"Beats me. Why do we call you Tuffnut?"

Stoick growled in frustration. He was about to bash the twins' heads against each other. They seemed so ignorant to the importance of the situation they were in. His best friend and two children had just gotten stranded somewhere miles away from their home. For all he knew, they could be dead, for Odin's sake! Stoick dropped his head on the side of the boat. Things couldn't get any worse.

"What should we do, Sir?" called a voice in the distance. He lifted his head.

"Set course for Outcast Island! We're going to find my son."

~Page Break~

Hiccup was running. That much was obvious. I mean, he'd just escaped the prison of Berk's most feared enemy, just as they had entered to do who knows what to him! Of course he was running! Hiccup had gotten a head start, but it was small. Very, very small. While he was running, he looked for good places to hide. He ducked behind a tall, smooth boulder as he heard the door slam open.

"I want this island torn apart!" Alvin shouted at his men. "No one comes in, and no one goes out! Understand?" There were a few scared murmurs from the crowd of Outcasts.

Hiccup could hear the Outcasts walking, getting closer and closer to his hiding place. Any moment, they would find him! His only chance was to make a run for it.

"There he is!" came a deep grunt, followed by a horde of angry yells. Hiccup weaved through the maze of stones, his paths getting narrower and narrower. _Yes_! He did it! He was losing them! Hiccup almost toppled right over the edge of the cliff.

He balanced right on its edge, pinwheeling his arms. Gasping with relief, he stumbled back onto the ground. He'd been _this _close to toppling into the icy water below. Turning around, he saw the Outcasts. _Oh, right. The Outcasts_.

"There's nowhere to run, Dragon Conqueror," Alvin sneered, pushing through the masses. "This is the end of the line."

"No, it's not." Crossing his arms, Hiccup's viking stubbornness took over. "My father and my friends will come. Then, you'll be the one with nowhere to go." His heart sank into his stomach as Alvin's sneer turned into a bought of laughter.

"Your friends? Your father? They tried to come, Boy! Believe me, they tried. Our ships shot them down! They're all DEAD, Hiccup!"

"No." Hiccup shook his head. "They can't be dead."

"Oh, but they are."

"No, they're not. Just wait."

"Come on, Boy," Alvin said, getting impatient. We haven't got all day. It's either us, or your death. I think we both know which choice is better for you." Hiccup nodded. There was only one way for him to survive.

He jumped.

****Yes, that's it. I'm so sorry. Again, the chapters get longer. Thanks for reading!****

****~Shadow****

10. Chapter 9

****Hi, guys! So, I meant to update this yesterday, but I forgot. My apologies. Anyway, thank you, reviewers! I shall acknowledge you!****

****midnightsky0612: SAY YES!****

****Snowflake: XD Pun****

****star7k: You're welcome! And I hope so, too.****

****faisyah865: I am not Toothless, so I have no idea how to answer this one.****

****Book girl fan: Exactly what Hiccup was thinking.****

****httydfangirlforever: Thanks! Also, thanks for the idea, but I already have the next chapters typed out and ready. Though, I would**

probably put that in there if circumstances were different! I guess you'll have to see what happens. :3**

So, yeah. Without further ado, CHAPTER NINE!

Chapter Nine

His eyes squeezed shut, Hiccup plunged toward the rocky sea below. There was no way he was going back with the Outcasts. He'd probably never get out again! Listening to the angry shouts of Alvin and the Outcasts, he waited for the impact that never came. Instead, he felt a slight jerk of his ankle, and he felt his course alter its direction. The viking's eyes shot open in surprise to see a black, scaly face smiling at him.

"Toothless!" he exclaimed in delight. The dragon made a soft purring noise. He landed after placing Hiccup gently back on the ground.

"Good job, Bud," he said, scratching the back of the reptile's head and climbing onto his back. "Now, let's go find the others." The dragon hunched its shoulders and leaped into the darkening sky. They didn't even make it off the island before a whizzing noise perished both their hopes. Hiccup looked back to see a crudely-made arrow sticking out of Toothless's prosthetic tail, already causing it to tear itself apart. Luckily, they weren't very high off the ground.

Toothless landed on the dark rock with a _thump_, nearly throwing Hiccup off him. He clambered off the dragon's back and took a look at the tail. Beyond repair.

"Well, this is a complication," he said to Toothless. The dragon snorted in agreement. Hiccup looked back to see how much time they had. The Outcasts had already started making their way down the cliff. Hiccup was back to running again, except this time he had Toothless with him. Oh, yes. This was going to be very interesting.

~Page Break~

Astrid sighed in annoyance, flipping her bangs out of her eyes. They'd gone to look for Hiccup, only to get lost in the tangle of rocks that made up Outcast island. In nervousness, Fishlegs had started reciting plant names and properties, making Astrid want to bang her head up against a rock. Every minute they didn't find Hiccup, she grew more and more frustrated. She just wanted to find him and get out of there. Everything would return to normal.

Astrid couldn't stop thinking about Hiccup, but unfortunately that meant Alvin too. Suddenly, she was eight years old again, watching the Outcast torture her father. _No! _Don't think about that. Think about how happy you're going to be when you find Hiccup! Astrid shook her head, trying to clear it.

"What's wrong?" Fishlegs asked, pausing from his plant reciting.

"Nothing. I just want to find Hiccup and leave." He nodded his head. Astrid had a suspicion that he was more worried than he was letting

on. Huh. That was unlike Fishlegs. Gobber stopped very suddenly.

"What is..."

"Shh! Listen!"

Astrid lowered her breathing as much as she could without holding her breath. Straining her ears, she took in as many sounds as she could. There was the rough winds that were whistling all around, and a faint hooting. For a second, she even thought she could here the waves lapping at the shore, but Astrid was positive that it was her imagination.

"I can't hear anything!" Fishlegs said loudly, only to be silenced by Gobber's hand.

"Will ye just shut up a bit more?" Astrid listened as all was silent again. Then, out of the blue, she heard it. An extremely faint, but unmistakable roar that could only belong to one dragon. She exchanged a look with Fishlegs. _Toothless!_

They ran as quickly as they could in the direction of the sound, not looking back to see if Gobber was keeping up with them.

~Page Break~

Stoick threw the anchor off of his ship as the bottom scraped against rough sand. He motioned for his men to do the same. Now that they had reached their destination, he would need all his men with him.

"Come on," he growled at the twins, motioning for them to get off the boat. The idiots clambered over the edge, only to meet freezing water that soaked up to their knees. They had gotten off the wrong side.

"Eeew," the boy said, walking to the land. At least, Stoick thought that was the boy. The other one followed.

"Everyone, follow me. We're going to see Alvin." He earned many frightened glances from his tribe, but no one questioned his orders. They knew that he would do whatever it took to find his son.

~Page Break~

Snotlout was officially in a very bad mood. He'd been able to convince the other two dragons to follow him, and now they were definitely lost. He'd started flying, making twists and turns where he saw fit, and ended up back at dragon island after about two hours. Ironically, dragons were crowding every inch of the place. Just great.

Turning around to try a different direction, Snotlout nudged his dragon forward. Outcast Island was no Berk. It was tiny and hard to spot, making it the ideal spot for fugitives.

Whining, Hookfang reluctantly turned away from the direction of the other monstrous nightmares. Stormfly and Meatlug following, he flew back. Snotlout decided to try and let the dragons use their instincts. If he couldn't find it, then it wouldn't hurt.

Turning west toward the setting sun, the dragons shot forward like slingshots, their scales glinting in the sunlight.

The storm had obviously died down and there wasn't a cloud in sight. The dragons were humming nervously, cocking their heads at the slightest sound. Snotlout wondered what they were so nervous about. He felt his eyes begin to droop; It had been a very long day. Before he knew it, he was sound asleep.

~Page Break~

Hiccup's evening had been very eventful. He'd pushed his leg to the very limit as he and Toothless ran. All that exercise paid off, though, because they'd lost the Outcasts. After finding a small cave inside a rocky gorge, they took turns watching. It would have been pointless to escape from Alvin only for him to find them before the next day even started. They didn't dare to light a fire because of the likely event of the Outcasts seeing it. If Hiccup knew their leader, they were still searching.

He twisted his head around as he felt a nudge on his back. His favorite reptile was beckoning for him to sleep.

"Thanks, Bud," he whispered, not wanting to break the silent atmosphere. A joyful noise arose from Toothless's throat. Hiccup assumed that meant 'You're welcome.'

When he dreamed, he was back home. He was chasing Toothless all around the Dragon Academy while Astrid watched, laughing, on the back of Stormfly. Man, she looked great today. Astrid, not Stormfly. Fishlegs was squashed under Meatlug, who was sound asleep, and Snotlout, Ruffnut, and Tuffnut were in a heated argument about something. He thought he heard the words '_pet potato_' somewhere in there, but he couldn't be sure.

Then without warning, giant spiders began to crawl out of the walls. How they got through the concrete, Hiccup didn't know. In the wake of all the madness, he was able to spot something on their backs. Wait, it wasn't just something! Those were Outcasts? How had Outcasts trained a pack of giant spiders? He watched in horror as they continued to devour all of his friends; Toothless, Astrid and Stormfly first, then Fishlegs and Meatlug, and finally Snotlout, the twins, and their dragons. In the midst of it all, there was Alvin.

"Not so tough now are you, Dragon Conqueror?" Hiccup stared in horror as the eight-legged creatures turned to him, but he couldn't move! He was rooted to the spot. They scuffled toward him and began to pluck him apart, limb by limb. He heard a loud, rough laugh echoing throughout the arena as he lay, unmoving.

When Hiccup awoke, he would have no memory of the dream at all.

~Page Break~

Snotlout was awoken by a sharp jab to the side. Grunting, he tried to shove it away, but the poking wouldn't cease. He finally lifted his head after a particularly sharp one.

"What?"

For a second, he was surprised to see Stormfly and Meatlug. What were they doing in his house? Then he remembered everything from the past few days. When he glanced around at his surroundings, he could just make out rocky mountains extending to the sky. The ground was coarse and covered in nothing but loose dirt and gravel. Sharp peaks and sheer-drop cliffs could be seen every way you looked. Snotlout had never been here before, but it perfectly matched the description from other vikings. There was no doubt about it, he realized a he swallowed a cry of relief. He was on Outcast Island.

Scrambling up from his seated position on Hookfang, he slid off the dragon's back. The three reptiles were still shuffling nervously. Sneaking behind a large boulder, he cautiously peered around its edge. Nothing. Relieved, he tip-toed around the corner.

He honestly had no idea what happened next. He heard a sudden battle cry land before he knew it, he was on the ground, being strangled by something tall and hairy.

"It's me, it's me," he choked out.

"Snotlout?"

He felt the hands disappear and got to his feet, shooting a nasty glare at Gobber, who looked positively delighted. He then turned to Astrid, who had been the one to speak his name.

"Yeah, thanks for that." Now it was her turn to glare.

"Where were you? Odin knows we looked everywhere!" Wait, they had actually tried to find him? Snotlout had assumed they would have dismissed the idea of his survival immediately and gone to look for Hiccup. He rubbed his dirty hands against his shirt, trying to get the grime off of them. Hookfang, Stormfly, and Meatlug all appeared behind him. After a brief but joyful reunion between Astrid and Stormfly, the loud sound of crunching leaves could be heard behind them.

"Guys! Guys! I heard shouting! Are you dead?" Snotlout turned his head just in time to see Fishlegs come barreling around a corner with wide, wild eyes. The larger boy just stood there for a moment, mouth agape.

"Oh. "

"Yeah. "

"You're okay! "

"Yeah. "

"You hungry? "

"Yeah. "

"Me too. "

"For the love of Thor! Can we please get moving? Hiccup could be gone by now!" No one needed to specify the definition of gone.

The silence was unbearable.

****LONG CHAPTER! YAY! Well, long for me, anyway. Some of the coming chapters might be a bit shorter; this was my longest one yet. Hope you enjoyed! Watch out for bagels. They'll invade your mind and control you. They're evil, I tell you! EVIL! But so, so delicious...****

****Shadow****

11. Chapter 10

****Yes. Sorry about this; I meant to update this yesterday, but my computer got taken away. How fun, right? REVIEWERS!****

****faisyah865: Ah. I see. I will make your funeral nice. Are there any songs you'd like to request?****

****NarnianGuardian: YAY! You're welcome!****

****Phoenixofmyth: Bagels have always been evil. Have you noticed how they seem to have infected everyone? You turn a corner... BAM! SOMEONE'S EATING A BAGEL! RUN FOR YOUR LIFE! Whoops, too late.****

****Book girl fan: You said it. Well, technically, you didn't say it anywhere in your review, but you know what I mean.****

****So, yeah. OH MY GOSH! LOOK BEHIND YOU! Haha, there wasn't anything there! Fooled you. Probably. Don't judge me. I know my rights.****

****Sorry, I'm off track. Because that would be crazy if I was on train tracks right now. Am I right?****

****I am so sorry you had to see that. I'm the master of the terrible puns.****

****CHAPTER!****

Chapter Ten

When morning came, Hiccup and Toothless had trekked farther through the dangerous island. They had to make sure they checked every corner; There might be an Outcast lurking behind one. They were lucky for most of the morning. The only complication they came across was a couple of rogue terrible terrors nesting in one of the crags. Every once in a while, they heard shouts and directly avoided them. Toothless seemed anxious; He kept swishing his tail back and forth nervously and growling at anything that looked like it was moving.

"It's okay, Bud," Hiccup would comfort him whenever something arose. Toothless just snorted.

They continued walking throughout the earliest part of the day. At

first, the sky was streaked with pinks, purples, and oranges, signaling the start of a new day, a new chance. Pretty soon, those faded into a cross between light blue and murky gray. It could never be bright in this terrible place.

By the time they reached the sandy shores marking the end of Outcast island, the sun was at its highest point in the sky. Hiccup's stomach was rumbling and, by the sound of it, Toothless's was, too.

Suddenly, Toothless stood straight up, his ears perked. He gave Hiccup a look of disbelief before bounding off along the beach.

"Toothless," Hiccup called, running after his favorite reptile. "Where are you going?"

The dragon stopped a little farther along the shore and Hiccup soon understood why. No sooner had he reached Toothless's side than he looked up. There were rows and rows of ships docked all along the sand, red flags waving off them bearing the symbol of a coiled black dragon. The people of Berk had arrived on the island.

Toothless let out a gigantic roar of triumph.

~Page Break~

Things were getting tense. Well, more tense than usual, anyway. At every sound, Snotlout would jump and Gobber would start wildly swinging his club around, resulting in whacks to the head for all three travelers. This would then cause Astrid to snap at them and they would continue in stony silence. Fishlegs was just walking at a constant pace, his head dipped and hands in his pockets, occasionally muttering something about pickles. Adrenaline was making them paranoid, and that could cause disastrous consequences.

"Are we there yet?" Snotlout grumbled.

"No," Astrid replied, crossing her arms. Snotlout sighed in exasperation. Fishlegs couldn't really blame him. The small group of four had been walking for forever. Astrid kept saying that she knew where they were going, but her face when she turned away said otherwise. If you looked really closely, you could see the fear and desperation just before it was hidden. A few times, they thought that they heard Hiccup, but it always just turned out to be another falling rock or the whistle of the wind. That's why they nearly missed it when it finally happened.

"Did you hear that?" Astrid had stopped so suddenly that Fishlegs bumped into her.

"It's just the wind," Snotlout said.

"No! That's not the wind! It sounded like..." She cut off as an ear-splitting roar sounded from high above the rocky peaks.

"Toothless!" they all exclaimed at the same moment, racing as fast as their legs could carry them toward the echoing noises. Fishlegs grinned. Things were finally starting to go their way.

If only he knew how very wrong he was.

~Page Break~

Stoick was not happy. His crew, the twins, and he had been searching Outcast Island all night and day with absolutely no luck. He was tired, sweaty, and dehydrated. More importantly, he hadn't found Hiccup or Alvin. To make things worse, the twins wouldn't stop talking unless they were fighting, and Stoick wasn't sure which he preferred. They were all bored out of their minds, so when they heard the dragon's roar, they were on their feet and running in an instant.

Though sound carried easily on the island, it was extremely hard to pinpoint. There were fifty different directions that were mentioned in the search for the sound. He'd nearly given up all hope when he heard the sound of heavy footsteps making their way towards the Vikings. By the sound of it, there were many of them and they were coming fast.

"On me," he growled quietly to the soldiers of Berk. Unfortunately, it's a bit difficult to keep quiet when you have an army of over a hundred men. He crouched behind a tall peak, readying his club. The footsteps grew nearer. When they were so close that their breathing could be heard, he leapt out with a great battle cry.

"Aaaugh!"

"Noooo!" Stoick looked down incredulously, staring at the chubby bookworm in front of him.

"Fishlegs! I could have killed you!" he bellowed.

"Sorry! Sorry!" Fishlegs cried, shielding his face with his arms. The leader of the tribe looked up to see a delightful sight: Astrid, Gobber, his best friend, Snotlout, the other missing boy, and all the childrens' dragons. That was everyone accounted for. Except Hiccup.

"Finally!" Gobber exclaimed. "We've been looking for ages!"

"So have we," Stoick said. "Everyone alive?" He looked specifically at Snotlout. They all nodded.

"Alright, then. Well done, all of you. If your dragons hadn't roared so loud, we never would have found you..." he trailed off at the confused expressions of the group.

"Our dragons didn't roar, but we thing we might know who's did," Gobber said, a grin forming on his face. Stoick raised his eyebrow.

"And who would that b..." he stopped himself short. Just like that, he knew exactly who Gobber had been referring to.

"Toothless?" Everyone's mood instantly brightened.

"Intruders! Intruders on the island!" Everyone turned as a throng of

Outcasts came barreling down a steep slope, heading straight for the mob of Vikings.

Everyone's mood instantly darkened.

~Page Break~

"Toothless," Hiccup whispered, suddenly very cautious. "We need to be quiet! Alvin's looking for us." His dragon gave him an apologetic look. He glanced around just to be sure that no one was watching them from the shadows. Crouching low, Hiccup and Toothless make their way back to the rocks, where they weren't out in the open. It seemed that luck was in their favor that day, for as soon as they had hidden themselves, a very large Monstrous Nightmare stepped out into the open. Now, Hiccup was sure that he'd have been able to tame the dragon on his own, but it might get agitated if it saw a Night Fury on its territory. Nightmares tended to be the most easy to rile up. Toothless began to growl, but his rider silenced him with a look.

They watched as the Nightmare paced, sniffing the boats aggressively. It narrowed its eyes, taking in the sight in front of it. It hesitated for a moment.

Then, it set fire to the ships.

"No," Hiccup gasped. He mentally slapped himself as the dragon's head swiveled to face their hiding spot.

After a quick glance at one another, Hiccup and Toothless both had a silent agreement. Together, they fled the sight, leaving the Nightmare sniffing around for signs of life.

Unfortunately for them, they came across an even worse sight. They hadn't wandered around for more than ten minutes before they stumbled upon an apparent face off. In the center of a great, rocky clearing, Outcasts stood in one line, shoulder to shoulder, facing the equally-as-impressive looking Vikings from the Island of Berk.

Something was about to go down, and Hiccup was sure that it wouldn't end well for either side.

~Page Break~

Gobber scowled at the husky Outcast in front of him. They'd walked right into a confrontation with the last people they wanted to see right now. Well, that was true for most of them. Stoick didn't seem to mind the interruption. He was standing face to face with the Outcast leader himself.

"Where's my son, Alvin," he said, just short of a yell.

"Don't know what you're talkin' about," Alvin said with a nasty grin.

"Don't lie to me," Stoick thundered. "I saw your ship sailing away from our beaches!" His anger seemed to only make Alvin more gleeful.

"Okay, maybe I have him," he said, his dark eyes glinting maliciously in the sunlight. "That still doesn't give you the authority to land on my shores and storm my home."

"You took my son!" Stoick yelled so loudly that Gobber's ears almost popped. He saw many others, Vikings and Outcasts alike, putting their hands over their ears as if they could shut some of the anger out.

"What are you going to do about it?" Alvin said. Even he looked a little uncomfortable by the rage of Stoick the Vast.

The chief stood his ground for a few seconds. Then, without warning, he drew back his fist and punched Alvin straight in the jaw.

****Stuff, stuff stuff stuff. Stuff stuff, stuff stuff stuff.****

****Good luck with life.****

****Shadow****

12. Chapter 11

****Okay. Hi, guys! Sorry I didn't update last week. It was finals week. Also, I finished Season 9 of Supernatural and instantly glued my eyes to Tumblr. BAGELPOCALYPSE HAS STARTED! DIDN'T I CALL IT? I CALLED THAT BAGELS WERE GOING TO TAKE OVER THE WORLD! I'M STILL FREAKING OUT! Okay, sorry. REVIEWS!****

****midnightsky0612: Okay. *snaps****

****Phoenixofmyth: Thank you, and good luck with your bagels.****

****Jesusfreak: Why, thank you! Here's your update.****

****Jo: OH NO! I'm sorry! I didn't mean to kill you! Have you called 911? I HOPE YOU DON'T DIE!****

****Book girl fan: I agree wholeheartedly. With my whole entire heart. All none of it. It died when I watched that SPN season finale.****

****Okay. CHAPTER!****

****Bagels.****

Chapter 11

It was absolute chaos. As soon as the first blow had been struck, everyone decided that was their cue to start fighting. Hiccup couldn't tell who was an Outcast and who was a Viking from the mass of tumbling bodies. He and Toothless crouched deeper into the weeds that hid them, hoping to Thor that no one from either side would happen to catch a glimpse of a boy and his dragon. As luck would have it, their wishes weren't granted.

Hiccup tried to stumble backwards as an Outcast rolled right into the

line of sight of their hiding place, but it was too late. He had clear vision of them both. For a moment he lay there, dazed. Then, as if he'd come to a realization, his eyes widened and he quickly pushed himself to his feet.

"Dragon conqueror! It's him," he yelled loudly. "An' his dragon, too!" Many heads swiveled to face their direction, but none was more determined or ferocious than Alvin's. Then again, Astrid's could have given him a run for his money. Astrid! Hiccup hadn't seen her in much too long.

He was snapped back into his senses by Toothless, who was nudging him and giving him the 'get going!' look. Turning his back on the fight, he dug his heels into the dirt and began running as fast as he could. Where could he go? Back to the Monstrous Nightmare at the beaches? Not the best idea. Definitely not back to the Outcast camp! While he was thinking, he felt a hand grab him from out of nowhere.

"Hey!" he said, trying to yank his shoulder free.

"Shh!" whispered an all-too-familiar voice.

"Snotlout!"

"Hey! Keep it down!"

Hiccup shut his mouth as several pairs of feet went flying by. They looked mostly Outcast. Fighting could still be heard from back at the clearing, but it seemed that the Vikings were easily winning without Outcast reinforcements.

Hiccup looked around nervously. Something was missing. Something very, very important. He gasped as he realized what it was.

"Toothless!"

~Page Break~

Astrid, Snotlout, and Fishlegs had been fighting an Outcast about twice the size of themselves. Things were going pretty well until they heard someone shout. It was the Dragon Conqueror! There was only one person they could be referring to.

"Come on! Let's go!" Astrid yelled, delivering a particularly heavy blow to the Outcast's stomach with the hilt of her ax. To be honest, she was tempted to use the other end.

They ran as fast as they could through the fighting; Fishlegs almost tripped over a bush on the way out of the clearing. They followed the sound of traveling Vikings. Then, all of a sudden, Snotlout vanished!

Astrid looked around, confounded.

"Where did he go?" Fishlegs asked.

"I don't know," Astrid replied. It was as if he'd vanished into thin air! Straining her ears, she listened for the sound of any movement. At first, all she heard was the scuffle of Outcast boots making their

way across the rocky terrain.

"Do you hear anything?"

"Shhh!"

Closing her eyes and concentrating intently, she pushed her senses out as far as she could. She was glad she put in the effort because a couple of seconds later, she could hear hushed, urgent voices. They sounded like they were having an argument. They seemed to be coming from the left of Astrid and Fishlegs, right behind a ginormous boulder. Glancing at Fishlegs, she beckoned her head to the voices. He nodded. She pointed to the side of the rock, then to herself. After that, she motioned around the other side and pointed to Fishlegs, hoping he understood. Unfortunately, he looked confused.

"Wait, so I go around this side?" he asked rather loudly. Astrid sighed in exasperation.

"Yes," she whispered. Nodding again, he crouched down low and began to tip-toe. Astrid rolled her eyes and started the other way. Before she even reached the other side, however, she heard an obvious and noisy scuffle happening behind the rock.

Taking a deep breath, she spun around the corner, aiming her ax at anything that could be an enemy.

"Astrid, wait!"

Before her were three Vikings, one of whom was the person she really needed to see alive right now.

"Hiccup," she gasped, dropping her ax to the side. "Are you alright?"

He nodded, but didn't say anything. Astrid looked at Snotlout with a questioning look in her eyes.

"The Outcasts have Toothless," he said.

Oh. That certainly put a new spin on things.

~Page Break~

Stoik the Vast was chief of the tribe. He had killed a dragon when he was just a baby; He'd popped its head clean off. And no matter how much the twins laughed about how 'Vast' meant 'really big', he'd been the most successful tribe chief since Berk was first founded. So, why couldn't he keep track of his own son?

He hadn't been fighting Alvin for more than a minute when an anonymous voice called out about the 'Dragon Conqueror'. Stoik instantly knew that he meant Hiccup. Obviously, Alvin did too because he grinned very nastily.

"Looks like I have a meeting. Hope you don't mind. I have to dash." As if on cue, several Outcasts surrounded them and Alvin took off into the midst of them. Fortunately, he also made the mistake of taking several of his warriors with him into the chase. Now, the

Vikings of Berk were easily overtaking them. Many Outcasts trying to attack him were struck down from behind by unoccupied Vikings, though Stoik was doing pretty well on his own. He was going through the Outcasts like there was no tomorrow. Soon, they were all running for their lives.

"Let's go," he said, not stopping to admire their victory. The Vikings followed him without question. He knew what he was doing.

He had to.

~Page Break~

"Where are we?"

"How am I supposed to know?"

"I was following you!"

"Well, I was following you!" Ruffnut said angrily, shoving her twin brother. He just rolled his eyes.

"It's not my fault you got us lost!" This was the last straw. With a scowl on her face, she launched herself at Tuffnut.

"Woah! Woah, woah, woah," Tuffnut exclaimed, holding both of his hands, palms out, in front of him. "Don't you think we should try to find the others and Hiccup?" Ruffnut thought for a moment.

"I guess you're right," she admitted hesitantly. Begrudgingly, she got back to her feet and began to walk, without checking to see if her twin was following.

"Um, no," came a voice from behind her. "I'm pretty sure it's this way."

"Nuh uh! It's this way!"

Okay, maybe they had time for one fight.

~Page Break~

"We have to go back!"

"Not a chance."

"But, Toothless!"

"Hiccup, you can't go back!" Hiccup looked at Astrid in desperation.

"Why not?" he said, his voice cracking slightly.

"Because it's you Alvin wants, not Toothless. He'll use him as leverage until he doesn't need him anymore. You'd be dooming Toothless by handing yourself in." Astrid said.

"Who said I was turning myself in?" Hiccup asked.

"Fine. What were you going to do?" Hiccup suddenly became very

interested in the pebbles littering the ground.

"That's what I thought."

The more they walked, the more Hiccup's worry grew. What if they were hurting his dragon? What if they killed Toothless without meaning to? The more he thought about it, the more ridiculous his ideas became, and he knew it. That still didn't stop him from thinking he should go. Better him than his dragon.

Several times throughout the day, he tried to give his friends the slip, but they weren't buying it. Once, he was even desperate enough to simply make a break for it. He was soon tackled by Snotlout and Astrid, with Fishlegs panting and trailing behind them.

Basically, by the day's end, Hiccup was feeling absolutely miserable. The sun was setting and the others had decided that they should rest near the shore. As he sat on the sand, Hiccup stared sadly out at the vast stretch of water before him.

This wasn't any different than anything he would have done for his friends, and they knew it. He felt guilty. For this; for everything that had happened these past few days. Hiccup blinked. What was he doing? Going to Alvin wasn't going to help. He needed the element of surprise. He stood up quickly. The others followed his example, tensing up and expecting another run.

"I'm going after Toothless," he said, "but we need a plan. Who's with me?" They all smiled.

"That's more like it," Astrid said.

****Yay! Happy birthday! I don't know who I'm talking to, but if you do, please let me know!****

****Shadow****

13. Chapter 12

****Okay. Hey guys! I'm updating a little late because I'm leaving tomorrow. I'm going to Peru for a Mission's Trip with my church and won't be back until July, so I don't know how long it'll be until the next chapter is uploaded. So, that's that.****

****Also, I've seen HTTYD 2 twice now AND I'M TELLING YOU IT WAS AMAZING! I've been listening to the soundtrack while writing this, and let me tell you John Powell is a genius. (But I already knew that from the first soundtrack.)****

****So, yeah.****

****Reviewers!****

****Phoenixofmyth: It is now! And thanks!****

****Forever Me: Happy late birthday, then! Here's your next chapter!****

****star7k: They probably tried it and didn't like it. Just a**

guess.**

faisyah865: I'm going to be organizing a lot of funerals, aren't I?

Jo: Yayyyy! A review! Yayyyy! You're alive!

Book girl fan: I'm a full-time superwholockian, so you probably know how that goes. And I agree with you about Toothless.

AND NOW! Boys, girls, dragon riders, consulting detectives, and time lords, I GIVE YOU... (dramatic music) CHAPTER 12!

Chapter 12

What started out as a simple plan soon became extremely complex. There were four different opinions on how to do everything. Snotlout was all for using dragons to break in and save Toothless, but none of the others were too keen on storming the fortress; they wanted to use stealth to sneak in. Fishlegs wanted to tunnel underground and Astrid thought it best to create distractions. Guess who would be the bait! It definitely wasn't going to be her or Hiccup. Speaking of Hiccup, he started talking about all these complicated machines of which just the idea made Snotlout's head hurt.

"Wait," he interrupted as Hiccup introduced his latest theory. "We're gonna do what to a what now?"

"We'll launch a catapult to make a loud noise and distract some of the Outcasts," he explained. "Then, I know if this plant that makes you really sleepy if you sniff it, so..."

"How in the name of Thor would you be able to find plants in this place?" Snotlout asked skeptically. Hiccup frowned.

"We have to do something," he said, exasperation evident in his voice. Snotlout sighed and Astrid crossed her arms.

"Hiccup," Fishlegs said, "We'll get Toothless back, one way or another." Hiccup nodded.

"If it's the last thing we do," Astrid added. Snotlout couldn't help feeling a bit nervous at this statement. It sounded too much like foreshadowing.

"We need to be ready for anything," he said.

"He's right," Hiccup said. "For all we know, there are Outcasts just around that corner."

Everyone peeked around the corner, just to make sure. Nothing.

"That's satisfying," Astrid said sarcastically. Snotlout shot her a glance.

"I still don't see why we can't just storm the place," Snotlout said. When Astrid rolled her eyes, he added, "No, I'm serious! Most of the Outcasts will be too busy holding off the chief and the others, and there'll be at least a few search parties out looking for Hiccup."

Everyone looked thoughtful.

"This actually could work," Hiccup said, excitement forming in his eyes.

And so the plan-making began.

~Page Break~

Excessive amounts of exercise can take its toll on those who aren't really up for it. Take running, for example. It's healthy to run daily, but after a while, you begin to get tired and your feet become sore. Still pressing on after that, your stomach may begin to cramp and you feel like you're going to pass out. One doesn't even want to imagine what it would be like to keep on after that. So, when you're running directly behind an enormous chief in desperate search of his son, you tend to become a little overworked.

"Stoick," Gobber called, panting and trying to keep up with his best friend. "Don't you think we should slow down? At least take a break?"

"I'll slow down when we find Hiccup," the chief yelled in response, his eyes narrowed. Gobber glanced uncertainly back at the other Vikings of Berk. They were in sight, but just so. Many had stopped to take a breather, and others had collapsed due to exhaustion. Raising his eyebrow, the blacksmith slowed his pace ever so slightly.

"We've been running for who knows how long," he replied. "I don't think we're going to have much of an army to raid Alvin with if we keep this up for much longer." Gobber thanked the gods as Stoick slowed down and turned his head. His eyes quickly processed what he was seeing. The leader of Berk obviously knew that he was right.

"Okay," he said. "We'll rest for a half an hour. Then, we'll continue onward." Gobber let out a sigh of relief. This was better than nothing.

"Wake me up when we're ready," he said, collapsing onto the rocky surface of the ground. He slowly closed his eyes, wanting to savor every ounce of sleep he could. Gobber wanted to find Hiccup nearly as much as Stoick did, but he knew that he wouldn't be of use to anyone if he was asleep on his feet. As the world around him slid into darkness, he could have sworn he heard a low growl coming from somewhere. Now he was most certainly hearing things. At least that's what he thought until he heard his chief call out.

"Toothless?" Gobber's eyes popped open and he got right back to his feet.

"Toothless!" he called. Stoick slapped him on the arm.

"Ow! What?"

"Don't make so much noise! The Outcasts could be anywhere. If they hear us, they might find Toothless and Hiccup."

"Oh. Sorry," Gobber whispered. The other Vikings began to climb from their resting positions, also. They slowly crept in the direction of

the roar. Of course, that would be different directions.

"Gobber? What are you doing? It came from this way!" Stoick said, shooting a glance at him

"No, I'm pretty sure it was this way," Gobber said, motioning toward the crevice he was headed for. Neither of them had time to continue their argument, however, because at that very moment, something very big and very black came bursting out of the bushes.

"Night fury!" someone cried.

"Get down!" another shouted. Gobber had heard these words said many times, but he'd never been so glad for them before now.

"Toothless!" he said, smiling at Hiccup's best friend. A deep purr came from the dragon's throat, indicating relief.

"Where's Hiccup?" Stoick asked. Toothless rumbled in response. He held himself with strong determination.

"Everyone back up," he shouted. The few Vikings that groaned were soon silenced with a hard glare from Gobber.

They were going to find Hiccup, and they were going to find him alive and unscathed if the blacksmith had anything to say about it.

~Page Break~

"Not only could you not catch the Dragon Conqueror, you couldn't even catch the night fury?!" yelled Alvin the Treacherous, fuming with fury. Savage winced. All the Outcasts had been following their leader and chasing after both the boy and the reptile when, suddenly, both had disappeared! Vanished into thin air! With orders from Alvin, they'd climbed to the highest points of the island and looked for any sign of the escapees, but there was nothing. This did not make him very happy.

"Did you check under every rock? Every crevice of every cave? It seems like you didn't even try!" Savage looked down at the ground. He hated making Alvin angry. Partly because Alvin was the Outcast leader, but mostly because his life hung in the balance as second in command.

"There's a slight possibility that they weren't with each other, so one might come to us." Alvin continued. "We'll go back to the arena to wait. Stoick and his army might even show up!" Savage glanced up. That's what he'd said after the failed search attempt! Yet another one of his ideas passed off as his leader's. He glanced back. A lot of the Outcasts were glaring at Savage, as if everything was his fault! What could he have done? He didn't have a Hiccup-and-Toothless-Tracking Device! There wasn't any way to track the two down. He glanced back at the angry faces.

Great Thor, he was going to be the one to catch them if he had to die trying.

~Page Break~

"Are we there yet?"

"No."

"Are we there yet?"

"No."

"How about now?"

"No."

"Now?"

"No."

"Are we there yet?"

"Snotlout!"

Astrid and Snotlout shot angry glances at each other. Don't get her wrong, she was glad that he wasn't dead, but he was getting on her nerves. And by 'getting on her nerves', she meant irritating her almost to the point of insanity. Looking around, she could see that Hiccup and Fishlegs felt the same. Fishlegs would try closing his eyes, but have to open them every few seconds just to make sure he didn't trip over anything. Hiccup was staring a little too intently at the space in front of him, as if trying to concentrate on anything but the voices behind him. All of a sudden, he stopped.

"Hiccup?" Astrid questioned.

"We're here," he replied. "You might want to get down." In response, the rest of them got on their knees. While peeking over a ledge, the Outcast camp could be seen. The bad news: It was swarming with Outcasts and they couldn't see Toothless. The good news: There was no more bad news.

"I thought you said there wouldn't be that many," Astrid said, casting an accusing glance at Snotlout. She knew that his idea hadn't been half bad, but he was the one she was most annoyed with right now, and she needed someone to be angry with.

"They must have come back while we were still planning," Hiccup said, the sadness barely detectable in his voice.

"Hey," Astrid said, adjusting her position so that she could look at him, "We'll find Toothless and get him out of there."

"I hope so," he said. The look on his face changed from desperation to determination.

"We'll need someone on the inside," he said. "I can't go. They'd recognize me in an instant."

"Well, it shouldn't be too hard," Snotlout said, glancing over the ledge. "We already have some." Confused, the others looked for what he was talking about.

"Oh no," Hiccup said. Astrid just slapped her forehead.

"Is that Ruffnut and Tuffnut," Fishlegs asked. He sounded like he didn't really want an answer.

"Yeah."

Silence.

"Well, this just got a little more complicated."

There ya go! Avoid the bagels! Have a nice day!

~Shadow

14. Chapter 13

First of all, I'm going to tell you my list of excuses on why I posted so late. First of all, there was the trip, which I already told you about. Second, one of my best friends just left the country for three years, so I threw a surprise party for him and we spent time together while we could. I wasn't the happiest person in the world after that, so it took me a while to get over the fact that he actually left. (Still not completely over it.) Third, I was celebrating my birthday. Fourth, I finally got the Skylanders Swap Force game and was sorta addicted for a very long time. (I counted my Skylanders. I'm up to 36!) Fifth, I went on vacation to Maine. Sixth, A Very Potter Musical Marathon. Seventh, excessive YouTube watching (mostly Markiplier). Eight, I've become suddenly and entirely obsessed with Corpse Party.

Oh yeah, another thing! I went to McDonald's at the Lima airport, and apparently all they had was Happy Meals, so I'm like whatever I'll get a Happy Meal. So I did, and it turned out it was HTTYD toys so I got a Monstrous Nightmare. So, yeah. I thought it was sorta ironic. That's actually the same dragon I have on the School of Dragons website.

Also, while in Peru, we had ham sandwiches for breakfast. And lunch. Every. Single. Day. I'm never eating a ham sandwich again.

MY CURSOR IS NOW A DIAMOND SWORD FROM MINECRAFT!

Roses are red, violets are blue. I suck at rhyming. Go away.

Sorry, off topic.

REVIEWERS!

***list**

OH I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING! Reason number nine, pez dispensers.

Bah bam.

Okay, sorry.

****CHAPTER!****

Chapter 13

"Can we go yet?"

"No."

"..."

"How about now?"

"No!"

"Okay, jeez."

"..."

"Now can we..."

"Snotlout, if you ask that question one more time..."

Hiccup sighed and rubbed his forehead. Snotlout and Astrid's bickering was giving him a headache. They'd been waiting for the right time for Thor knows how long, but Ruff and Tuff seemed to be doing just fine on their own. They must've told the Outcasts something, because they all seemed content with the two teenagers walking around their village. Every once in a while, a couple Outcasts would stop them and ask them to identify themselves, but the twins seemed to have it covered. Now, all the Berkians needed was to get Ruffnut and Tuffnut on their own so they could talk to them about a plan, however, no such luck. Wherever they went, it seemed like there was an Outcast guard there, too. A couple times, they hadn't seen anyone and had started to move in, but an ironically-timed patrol would come around a corner, and Hiccup and the others would have to retreat. It seemed like the gods were against them today, because it had started to rain after a few hours.

Hiccup glumly looked over at his friends. Astrid and Snotlout were still arguing and Fishlegs seemed just as uncomfortable as he was. What they needed was a distraction...

"Intruders! Coming in from the North side!"

Huh. That would work.

Hiccup watched as Outcasts from all positions went to cover the Village Entrance. The twins seemed along enough.

"Hiccup," Astrid said, desperation evident in her voice. She wanted to move.

"Okay. It's time," he said, loud enough for his friends to hear, but soft enough not to alert any Outcasts to their presence.

"Finally," Snotlout declared, unnecessarily loudly and completely defeating the purpose of the hushed tones. Astrid glared at him, but looked relieved at the same time. Even Fishlegs looked happy to stop sitting around.

"Okay. Here we go," Hiccup said as he slid down the incline into the heart of the island of Outcasts. He tip-toed as quietly as he could toward the hut near which Ruff and Tuff were standing.

He never knew what hit him.

~Page Break~

"Hey, Stoick," Gobber called, swinging his makeshift hand in the air. "Are we really going to just march right into their camp? I mean, won't they notice that?"

"That's the idea," the chief grunted. Brute force. That was all it took.

"Shouldn't we have a plan, or something?" Gobber asked.

"By the time we come up with a plan, it could already be too late," Stoick grumbled. Toothless let out a roar of agreement. The blacksmith shrugged his shoulders.

"Well, if you really think this could work..."

"I know it will," Stoick said, confidently. "It has to," he added, his voice more hushed so that only his best friend could hear. He nodded in understanding.

"Intruders!" came a foreign shout. "Coming in from the North side!"

"That's our cue," Gobber said, grinning.

"On my signal," Stoick shouted to his troops. Some of them looked nervous, but most looked ready to fight for what was theirs.

That's the spirit, Stoick thought.

The Outcasts were getting closer and closer to the mass of Berkians. The chief was waiting for an opportunity. One guard launched himself over a hill, followed by all the others. Closer... closer...

Now!

With a loud cry and a gesture of his hand, Stoick the Vast launched himself into battle.

~Page Break~

Astrid was in a very bad mood. Today hadn't exactly gone their way. First, they lost Hiccup. Then, they went through Odin-knows-what to get to Outcast island. Once they finally found Hiccup, they lost Toothless. Now, the Outcasts found them.

And by Outcasts, she meant one, more authoritative Outcast and a small band of soldiers. The specific Outcast introduced himself as Savage, Alvin's right-hand man. To be honest, Astrid thought that Alvin didn't really need someone like that. The Outcast leader still had both his hands.

Fishlegs and Snotlout looked frightened with their predicament, but Hiccup just looked exasperated. His face clearly said, 'Really?'

Again?' Things only got worse when they ran into the twins.

"Oh. Hey, guys," Tuffnut said, waving to them. Astrid felt frustration building up inside of her. Could things get any worse?

Apparently they could. Just not yet. She saw Hiccup shoot her a look and knew that he was thinking along the same lines as her. It was go time.

"OH MY GODS! WHAT IS THAT?" Hiccup screamed dramatically, staring at a nonexistent distraction behind the outcasts. They all turned to look. So did Ruff and Tuff. Astrid rolled her eyes and punched the nearest Outcast in the back. The soldier jumped and turned around, readying himself to jump on the culprit, only to be met with a fist to the face.

Again, Astrid was having a very bad day. But, it was getting better.

The small band of teenage Vikings easily took out the even smaller band of confused Outcasts. Astrid grinned with pleasure. She'd needed to punch someone.

"Well, that was fun," Astrid said, beaming. Hiccup smiled.

"Okay. Now, let's go help my dad," he said. Sounds of fighting could now be heard from the entrance to the camp. Among that, a familiar screech that would be recognizable to anyone. The screech of a Night Fury.

The six Vikings set off, their minds full of determination, with not even the slightest clue of what was about to happen.

It was so horrifying that they couldn't even imagine it.

~Page Break~

It's a terrible thing, survivor's guilt. It starts with an uncomfortable, nauseating feeling, then it begins to gnaw at you until your insides turn to dust. Until there's nothing left; nothing but guilt. It completely takes over, and all that remains is an empty shell. A shell of your former self.

Berk had been lucky, so far. In the last decade, very few Vikings were forced to endure such torment.

But that was all about to change. Because, you see, the battle that was about to commence was going to be filled with unexpected twists. Unforeseen events that were going to form tight knots in the stomachs of several Vikings.

These happenings could very well turn out to be the cause of Berk's victory... or its doom. We may never know, but we may very well guess.

So, as Stoick the Vast, chief of Berk brought his hammer swooping through the air, eliminating another Outcast from the swarm, he looked at his best friend, Gobber. Gobber looked up, exchanging a glance with Stoick.

Suddenly, a strangled cry arose, barely audible over the din produced by the fighting. Stoick and Gobber looked up to see Snotlout, Ruffnut, Tuffnut, Fishlegs, Astrid, and Hiccup charging into the fight.

Take a good look at that last sentence, my friends, because it's the last time you'll ever hear those eight names together.

****Sorry for the short chapter, but I didn't have anything else to put in it.****

****I am again sorry for the late update.****

****Watch out for bagels, as usual.****

****Shadow****

15. Chapter 14

****So yeah. New chapter! Yay! The characters might be a bit OOC due to... complications. Saying no more.****

****Also, I realized that I forgot to list the reviewers from last chapter. So, this time, I'll be putting up reviewed from chapter 12 and 13. Sorry about that.****

****Reviewers!****

****PT: both: Thanks!****

****Bob: Thank you!****

****Phoenixofmyth: ch. 12:OH NO! BAGELS ARE BLOCKING YOUR DOOR? Explosives might work! Thank you and Thank you and Thanks! :3 ch. 13: AH NO! DON'T PUNCH ME! Please! I beg you for mercy! And Acadia National Park and Bar Harbor! THAT'S EXACTLY WHERE I WENT! It's crazy! Awesome poem, and I think I've heard of the game. Is it on the App Store? Long reviews are awesome! Don't worry ;) Sorry for the cliffhanger, but I always feel like that's the best way to end a chapter! It keeps people reading. :3****

****Book girl fan: ch. 12:Very fun indeed. ch. 13: :3 Not saying a word.****

****TheGallopingCupcake: Thanks! :D****

****star7k: XD That's great.****

****faisyah865: ch. 12:Yup! ch. 13: YYYUUUUUUPPPPPPPPPP! Yes! Shotguns and sharp knives work very well against bagels. Actually, my friend and I argue about which works better! (Sharp knives. All the way.)****

****Jo: Thanks ya!****

****Forever Me: Mwahahahahahahaha! I'll never tell!****

****YAY! So, thank you guys for reading! I haven't said that enough!**

Thanks for reading and reviewing and following and favoriting and whatever you did! We're nearing the end, now, but we're not quite there. Trust me, I've had the end of the story planned for the longest time now.**

HAVE A GOOD LIFE, EVERYONE!

Maybe I'll make another HTTYD story after this one's done?

**Is this an early update? I think this is an early update!
Yay!**

CHAPTER TIME!

Chapter 14

Letting out a fierce battle cry, Gobber swung his hand-axe at another Outcast head. He grunted, satisfied with his work as the warrior collapsed. He then turned, readying himself for the next two that were charging at him.

"Take that, you two-faced slug," he growled, lashing out as hard as he could. It easily brought down one of the men but, unfortunately, gave the other an opportunity. Gobber missed the Outcast swinging a sword toward his head.

"Gobber!"

Startled, the blacksmith turned around to see a thick hammer blocking the weapon that had become dangerously close to his face. Attached to the hammer was a hand, and attached to that hand was none other than the familiar face of Stoick the Vast.

"Need any help?" the chief asked, grinning with success. He expertly shoved the Outcast away, sending him stumbling over the rocky terrain. One sword through the chest from another Viking and it was all over. Gobber chuckled, grateful for his companion. What would they do without each other?

Then, with a quick exchange of looks, they both hurled themselves into the raging battle, side by side.

~Page Break~

Astrid smiled as she dove into the fighting with Hiccup at her side. She swung her ax at the first enemy in sight, causing him a crumple to the ground. She picked up the sword that the brute had been using and tossed it to Hiccup, who nearly dropped it. He swung it clumsily at an oncoming Outcast and, naturally, missed.

Rolling her eyes, Astrid threw her ax, hitting her target squarely on the forehead, right between his eyes.

"Aim before you swing," she advised her friend. He nodded sheepishly.

"Thanks," he said.

"No problem," she replied, cheerfully.

Then, together, the two friends ran into the swarming mass of bodies.

~Page Break~

Snotlout swung his sword, taking down another Outcast.

"Yeah! That's how a Jorgenson does it!" he shouted, triumph evident in his voice. A loud battle cry caused him to turn his head. He was just in time to see Fishlegs ramming into another large warrior. The man tumbled to the ground and didn't get back up. The larger boy directed his eyes toward Snotlout, smirking. It seemed that victory would come to Berk more easily than originally expected. Fishlegs' eyes suddenly became cold with fear.

"Snotlout! Behind you!" he yelled. Snotlout spun around quickly, recognizing two soldiers with the Outcast symbols on their chest barreling closer and closer. He swung his sword, which wedged itself deep inside the forearm of one. Snotlout grunted as he pulled it out, blood dripping from its tip, but unfortunately not soon enough. Another blade was already close to completing its path toward the dragon rider. _So, this was it. _He closed his eyes, bracing himself for impact.

There was a sharp cry of, "No!" and the sound of a blade entering a body, but it wasn't Snotlout's. The Viking opened his eyes to see a large, blonde figure standing in front of him, the point of a sword sticking out of his back.

"'Legs?" Snotlout asked, weakly. The boy slowly turned around, a look of shock written across his face.

"Good luck, 'Lout," he said, so softly it was almost incomprehensible. Then, he collapsed onto the ground, never to arise again.

~Page Break~

A sound erupted from the battle so terrible that Gobber's blood ran cold. Swiveling around, he worked to pinpoint the origin of the noise. He found it in the form of Snotlout. The Viking was kneeling over an unmoving form. An easily recognizable form who could only be one teenager.

"Fishlegs!" Gobber cried, racing over to the two collapsed figures. Once he was there, he wished he'd never gone over.

"What happened?" he whispered, the frozen lump in his chest growing bigger every second.

"He... he saved me..." Snotlout choked out, a rare flood of tears descending from his eyes. The older of the two bowed his head with respect for the lost friend. Closing his eyes, he muttered a silent prayer for him. Fishlegs was a great person; he'd be at peace now.

Gobber jumped at the sudden rise of Snotlout.

"He won't have gone in vain," the boy vowed through clenched teeth, balling his fists until his knuckles had begun to pale. With those

words, the words Gobber would remember for the rest of his life, Snotlout dove into the fighting, hacking and slashing at the enemy Outcasts with the force of a hundred Vikings.

That's the spirit.

~Page Break~

Savage heard the scream of the boy. He relished it; let it sink in until it filled his cold, dark heart. Just another victory for the Outcasts.

Narrowing his eyes, he searched for his real target. The boy who trained the Night Fury. Oh, there would be blood spilled today indeed. And, with any luck, it would be that of the Dragon Conqueror.

And there he was, fighting side by side with the other child. Astrid, he'd called her.

Well, you know what they say. Two heads are better than one. Hopefully, Savage would be bringing back two heads tonight.

~Page Break~

Though Ruffnut wasn't the sharpest mace in the armory, she sure knew how to swing one. And that's exactly what she did. Her weapon collided with the head of an Outcast the same moment as Tuffnut's sword. They left a large dent in the helmet. His eyes rolled into the back of his head and he fell backwards, creating a loud clanging sound. The sound almost blocked out the scream.

Almost.

"What was that?" Ruffnut asked, rotating her head, looking for the source. Her twin answered with a rare comment of wisdom.

"It sounded like Snotlout," he said. Finally pinpointing the location of the noise, she saw it. And boy, was it a terrible sight. Ruffnut took a deep breath, her exhaling shaky and slow.

"What?" her brother asked. Feeling sick, she pointed to where Snotlout was kneeling. To where he was beginning to stand up over a body. The body of Fishlegs. Ruffnut looked back at Tuffnut, who had paled visibly.

"Oh," he said, his voice cracking ever so slightly.

Snotlout had begun to attack the army with a ferocity Ruff had never seen before. Not in anyone.

"Let's go," she said, rough determination entering her tone. Ruffnut and Tuffnut dove into the frenzy, joining Snotlout to avenge the death of their friend.

~Page Break~

Stoick was fighting tooth and claw to get to his friend. Finally, he saw him, kneeling over a body. View of the casualty was blocked by its grieving companion. Shoving through many people, Berkian and

Outcast alike, he finally reached the death site. Snotlout had just risen from the spot he'd held next to Gobber, which had also been obscured from Stoick's vision. A bit closer to the scene and he was able to see the body.

Fishlegs.

A deep pang of regret stirred in his stomach along with, regrettably, some relief. He'd thought that maybe, just maybe, Gobber might have been kneeling over the body of Hiccup.

Then, Gobber stood too, faced the battle, and dove in. Right into the heart of everything. He began taking out enemies one by one, as if this death had given him a new strength.

It all happened so fast. In the blink of an eye. One minute Gobber was there, swinging his weaponized hands like there was no tomorrow, and the next he was on the ground, a sword still latched to his side.

****And there ya go! Please don't kill me!****

****Shadow****

16. Chapter 15

****So... school's started again. Fun.****

â€|

â€| ****...****

****I have nothing else to say.****

****That could be an Imagine Dragons reference!****

****Heh... cuz dragons. Get it? Heheh.. never mind.****

****REVIEWS!****

****Everyone: I KNOW! I'M SORRY!****

****AND NOW THE STORY!****

Chapter 15

One after another, bodies were dropping at Hiccup's feet. The chief's son winced internally every time he struck another blow, but he carried on. For Berk. Astrid, however, seemed to have no trouble taking anyone down at all. She tackled another one, narrowing her eyes. Then, after a quick adjustment of her ax, she brought it swinging down. That woman had been given an inevitable death sentence the moment she'd decided to mess with Astrid Hofferson. Flipping a strand of hair out of her eyes, the formerly mentioned turned back to her friend.

"You okay?" she asked, twirling her ax weapon idly. Hiccup nodded.

Then, out of the corner of his eye, he saw it. And thank the gods he did, because he was just in time to tackle his friend to the ground. Just before a sword came whirling over their heads, so very close to becoming the object of their demise.

Astrid inhaled shakily.

"Thanks," she gasped.

"No problem," he replied, rising to meet his attacker. An all-too-familiar face that he wished he'd never had so see again. But, it wasn't Alvin.

~Page Break~

Cold fury coursed throughout Snotlout like a fiery furnace. He sliced through the Outcasts, never faltering, never failing. Right now, all that was in his heart was vengeance, and vengeance he would have.

He took down another one with the swish of his hand, the concept of mercy never passing through his mind. He didn't know which of these soldiers had killed his friend. He didn't know which one of these horrible, horrible humans had ended the life of Fishlegs, but he would keep going until they were all gone. It's what these creatures deserved, wasn't it?

Snotlout was destroying anything, specifically Outcasts, that stepped in his path. Once, he almost accidentally killed a Berkian. He was just so caught up in everything that he didn't realize where he was swinging until it was almost too late.

He only stopped once. Once when he heard the most terrible noise you could imagine.

The agonizing scream filled with grief coming from someone chillingly familiar.

~Page Break~

"Gobber? Gobber! Can you hear me?"

"Eh?"

"Gobber! Wake up!"

"Is that you, Mum?"

"Snap out of it!"

Gobber groggily opened his eyes, taking in his surroundings. There was lots of fighting. Was his sister visiting again?

Oh, wait. He was in the middle of a battle! Well, more on the sidelines of a battle. An...an Outcast battle if he remembered correctly. The blacksmith had been dreaming of daisies in a beautiful meadow. It was very boring until a dragon had come and smashed it all! Where did the dragon go?

There it was! Ooh, a night fury! Gobber didn't think it liked the

Outcasts either. It seemed to be trying to burn them.

"Wha..." he mumbled, trying in vain to sit up.

"Sword to the side. You're fine, now. All patched up." Ah! And there was Stoick! Loyal to the end. Wait, did he just say...

"Yes!" he exclaimed. "Now I remember! We were fighting Outcasts, right?"

"Right, Gobber," Stoick said. For some reason, he looked somber.

"Better get back to fighting, then," Gobber said, beginning to stand.

"Oh no you don't" the chief replied. "You're going to stay here and rest."

"But..."

"Listen. Something happened. Do you remember? You went to see Snotlout after..." His friend trailed off. Gobber just looked back at him, blankly. What was he talking about?

Stoick opened his mouth to explain, but was cut short.

He'd heard the scream, too.

~Page Break~

Tuffnut had any dreams about Outcasts coming to chop off his head. He'd charge at them, weapons swinging, ready to defend his life at any cost! He'd even die for the cause! Of course, he always got his head chopped off anyway, but it was a good feeling. A nice feeling.

To be honest, though, he wasn't sure that it would feel as pleasant in the waking world. What if the person didn't do it right?

Well, good news! He hadn't lost his head yet! At least, he didn't think so.

Tuff was fighting with his sister. Not fighting as in that-is-my-ax-leave-it-alone-and-go-jump-into-the-ocean fighting, but continually pummeling an Outcast together, side by side.

Man, this was the life.

Another went down as Ruff kicked him in the head. How she got her legs that high, he had no idea. Quickly getting to his feet, the man scrambled away, glancing back occasionally to guarantee that he wasn't being pursued.

"And stay out!" Tuffnut yelled after him. For reasons unknown, Tuff then groaned and brought her palm to her face. Her brother didn't know why.

Their victory didn't last long.

They, too, heard the scream.

~Page Break~

It was Savage.

"You," Astrid growled, all her aggression vented toward the oncoming traitor.

"Me," he sneered, a sickening smirk etched across his face.

Without any kind of warning, Astrid hurled her ax toward his chest, but he easily deflected it with his own.

"Nice try," he said sarcastically, advancing on the couple. "But you'll have to do better than that."

Challenge accepted.

Before she could make a move, however, Savage had already thrown his sword right in her direction. She ducked and rolled, causing dust and dirt to coat her skin, but she didn't care. Astrid was at Savage's feet now. She made a grab for her ax, but the Outcast kicked it away. She then braced herself, knowing that she wouldn't be in time to stop the next blow from coming.

Surprisingly, someone else did.

Looking up Astrid saw something she thought she'd never see. Hiccup was standing over Savage, hilt aimed downward, as the man clutched his head in pain.

"Thanks," she whispered.

"No problem," he said. Again.

Astrid looked back at Savage the fallen. Had Hiccup really hit him that hard?

He's faking it.

"Behind you!" she warned, but she knew that she'd be too late. Pure fear was coursing throughout her entire being.

The Outcast had already risen and was bearing down on her friend, aiming to kill.

Astrid lunged toward her ax. She grabbed the cold handle and, with all her might, threw it at the head of Savage the Outcast.

~Page Break~

It is indeed fortunate for the Island of Berk that Mildew hadn't discovered Hiccup snooping around his house.

Because, dear reader, if you had decided to look toward two particular teenagers at that precise moment in time, you would've seen Astrid's look of terror as Savage ducked.

You would have heard her agonizing scream as the uncontrollable ax

wedged itself inside of Hiccup's skull.

You would've seen them both collapse to the ground in agony.

The darkness is overwhelming.

****DO. NOT. KILL. ME. I. AM. ARMED. WITH. BAGELS.****

****I guess it turned out to be a horror story after all.****

****Good luck with life.****

****Again, don't kill me.****

****Please.****

****Shadow****

17. Epilogue

****AND HERE WE GO! Then end is near.****

****Ready or not, here we go!****

****Reviewers!****

****Phoenixofmyth: I'M SO SORRY! Could you please direct your fist toward Savage, who in my opinion deserves a good punch in the face.****

****PT: *runs and hides in a corner****

****Forever Me: YAY! IMAGINE DRAGONS! And thanks ya!****

****Heli: *running****

****Fault: I'm sorry. I hope that's a comfortable corner.****

****Book girl fan: Actually, Astrid accidentally killed Hiccup. Makes it more dramatic that way.****

****xFaerieValkyriex: Aah sorry!****

****Rachel420: Yay! Thank you!****

****Mirajane92: So I've been told. :3****

****Quarter: It's easy. Just write words, type words, and post!****

****SidheWolf5: NO! NNOO! SID IS BROKEN! Nurse, I need some duct tape and chocolate, stat!****

****Dragonviking: Okay. *runs****

****httydfangirlforever: Well, I'll try but I can't even sleep with two eyes open.****

****faisyah865: NO! NOOOOOOOOOOOO! YOU'VE BETRAYED US ALL! Donuts are**

the anti-bagels! YOU'VE CHOSEN THE WRONG SIDE! NOW THEY'RE COMING FOR YOU. Run. Run for your life.**

AND NOW! The moment you've all been waiting for... THE FINAL INSTALLMENT TO IN DRAGONS WE TRUST!

Epilogue

You see, my friends, not every story has a happy ending. Sometimes, things go wrong. Somewhere along the way, someone screws up and the result is disastrous.

But sometimes, just as in this case, you can twist and play with words and ideas. This way, the last words of the story aren't as horrifying as you thought they were.

The outcome of this story isn't as you expected, but that doesn't mean it has to end there.

~Page Break~

Hiccup shook his head, snapping himself out of the state of mind he was in.

Where had _that _come from?

A whole scenario, all piled up in his head until the outrageous result. Is that what would really happen if Mildew caught him?

"Come on Fungus," came a voice from just beyond the wooden door. Jumping, Hiccup raced to find a place to hide. Somewhere, somehow, he ended up clinging from the rope. The same rope he'd used to climb down.

"I'm home, ladies," Mildew called as he burst through the door.

"What's that?" the old man asked, cupping a hand to his ear. "Nothing? Perfect." Turning back, he then narrowed his eyes, looking at the curtain which concealed the contraptions he'd used to frame the dragons. Quickly, he pulled back the curtain. Of course, Hiccup knew that he'd find nothing out of the ordinary.

"Ah, these served us well, didn't they, Fungus?" Mildew asked, picking them up. "Shame we have to get rid of them."

Get rid of them? No! Those were the only proof that Hiccup had!

But now, Hiccup had other problems to worry about. A bead of sweat had begun to form on his face from the effort of holding himself up. It wasn't exactly easy, you know.

Dripping off his face, it landed on Fungus, who looked up and saw Hiccup in an instant. He winced as the sheep began to bleat incessantly, following its master out the door and trying to direct his attention to the boy hanging from atop his roof. Fortunately for Hiccup, Mildew didn't notice.

Dragging himself up the rope, he reached the top just in time to

watch Mildew throw them off a sharp cliff and into the ocean. _Well, that's just wonderful._

He climbed down the roof as stealthily as he could. Then, without a moment's notice, Hiccup ran off to find his father.

[End]

****AND THAT'S IT! Thank you all so much for reading! See ya soon!
Still keeping my windows locked!****

****~Shadow****

End
file.